

ART NEWS AND REVIEWS—NEW ARTIST COLOR TO WANAMAKER SHOW

Original Leaders Not Yet Eclipsed—Exhibition Is Exclusively French and Aims to Show the Modern Developments of Art.

By HENRY M'BRIDE.

ALL those who care for the modern developments of art must now wend their ways to the Belmison Gallery at John Wanamaker's, where what may be regarded as a postscript—and a very considerable postscript—to the famous Lexington Armory Show has been placed upon exhibition. It is exclusively French, but the French are still the pioneers in the world of art, and their intentions, audacities and inventions are of the greatest possible moment to the outlying nations. So to see this show is to be up to date, or as nearly possible up to date as one can be three thousand miles from the Rue de la Boetie.

The list of artists is admirably chosen, although there is evidence of the usual difficulty in getting all of them to send their best things so far across seas. For instance, Matisse. He is quite an outstanding figure in Paris, and every shop up and down the Rue de la Boetie has joyous and impressive specimens of his present manner, most of which would explain to our people the enthusiasm over him that reigns abroad, but which is hardly to be apprehended from the "Femme a la Fenetre," good though it is.

Matisse now is on "easy street" and has been residing there for some time past, and freedom from worry is one thing that simply shines from his new work. While, strictly speaking, he cannot be accused of plumbing the depths of emotion, there is nevertheless in his best things an irresistible and contagious delight in what Henry James used to call the "soft" side of life that is expressed with a virtuosity comparable with Rubens. Matisse is the Rubens of the modern group, and Rubens himself, were he again to walk the earth, would be among the first to admire his bold and certain brush work.

Deraïn is nobler and at the same time more reserved than Matisse, and for both reasons he will not be so widely nor so quickly popular. He is, however, beginning to have a fixed place even in the auctions at the Hotel Drouot, which has been brought about, they say, by the keen demand for his paintings that has arisen in England. In the present little duel for popular favor he comes off better than Matisse, for he—Deraïn—is certainly well represented. His "Femme a la Fenetre" is a masterpiece of a primitive, with the little added something that proclaims it of today. His landscape, too, is one of his fine ones—bold, forbidding, but immensely decorative.

But Deraïn, Matisse, Braque, Picasso and Marie Laurencin have been known here already, and the rush to Wanamaker's will not be so much for their sakes as to discover how the new people may be and how they measure up to established standards. Really it has been some time since any authentic evidence has come from the front, and there have been plenty of signs that our amateurs are becoming restless.

Well, the chief of the new names are these: Maurice Utrillo, Giorgio de Chirico, Surange, Herbin, Irene Lagut, Helene Perdard and Jose de Togores, and that they can be said at once that each of these new artists achieves personality, that they add color and refinement but no new direction to the movement. Modern art remains as it was before their advent and the original leaders are not yet eclipsed.

Utrillo is a sort of a variation of Maurice de Vlaminck, with the same nervous, brittle touch; De Chirico works a curious web of dramatic fantasy, and there is a suggestion in his manner that he may go the way of Picabia—that is, to Dadaism; and Surange is a refinement upon Braque. The "Guitar et Verre" of Georges Braque is to my mind the finest piece of abstract painting in the collection. It is rich in color and splendidly decorative. Quite as robust and authoritative, however, is the landscape by Jean Metzinger, and there also certainly will be intelligent partisans for the "Fenetre Ouverte" of Juan Gris; the water color by Matisse; the hand-some landscape, "Venice," by Raoul Dufy, and the flower pieces by De Vlaminck and De Togores. Painters who have what the dressmakers call "chic"—and it is a totally different affair from the thing that painters call "chic"—are Vuillard, Bonnard, Roussel and Van Dongen. All four are beloved of the boulevardiers, and it has long been a mystery why no one has imported them for the pleasure of the boulevardiers here, for we have boulevardiers, plenty of them.

The collection in addition to being well chosen is well hung. There has been a suspicion that these modern works of art required a white or almost white background to achieve an impression. The Belmison Gallery is hung in blue, yet these abstract paintings more than hold their own upon it and there is no hindrance whatever to come between the anxious student and these latest outpourings from Paris.

Fall Academy and Prize Winning Pictures

In searching about for something mitigating that might be said for the academy in a year when the dear old institution appears to be hard pressed I hit upon the quality of disinterestedness. The academy in a direction that I shall indicate is disinterested. Now, disinterestedness happens to be my pet virtue. I don't mean by that that I possess it, but that I admire it in others. The academy is wonderfully disinterested in the direction that I shall indicate. To be disinterested in any direction is wonderful, but to be wonderfully disinterested in the direction I shall indicate is but adjective fall me.

The happiness of having lit upon a charming quality in the academy is rather special in a year in which the voice of criticism has been raised, so to speak, en masse against the dear old institution. People have been forming themselves into battalions in order to throw stones. Now, if disinterestedness is to be my pet virtue mob thinking happens to be my pet aversion. I positively refuse to be one of a mob, and especially when a mob gets to marauding, however right it may have originally been in principle, I for one withdraw to an extreme distance. Not by that I mean you think me a pacifist. I am not, and you must merely believe me, since possibly the distinctions between a pacifist and a hater of mob thinking have subtleties that require more space than is at present available for the exact definition. This simple fact is sufficient. I hate mobs—and that I for one won't throw stones at the dear old academy—not this year.

So in consequence I prefer to shut my eyes to some of the prize winning pictures and my ears to the outcries that are levelled at them. There are more ways than one of looking at things. What not look at the bright side? And there is a bright side about the prize winning pictures. That disinterestedness I spoke of. That's where it comes in—the attitude of the wonderful old academicians toward those prizes. A thousand dollars is a good deal, some people think, and perhaps there are still some people somewhere who think \$500 is a good deal. But not in the Academy. Bless you, not in the Academy. There is not the faintest shred of an evidence that I can find that any of the academicians have stirred so much as a little finger in a conscious effort to nab those once respectable sums that the Academy left to encourage the art of figure painting. In the years since it has been dangling there as a bright and enticing bait certainly no one has been caught in the act of nibbling at it. Is that not wonderful? In an age like this? And

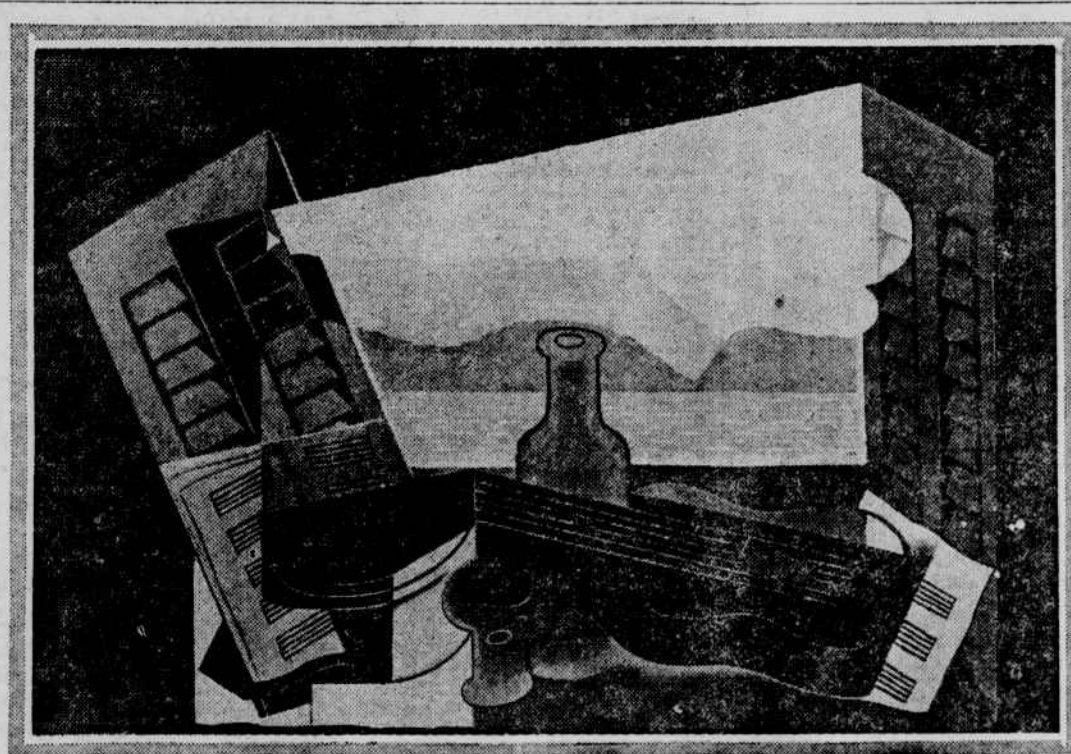


"A SOUTHERN SLAVE" by EUGENE SPEICHER. NEW SOCIETY EXHIBITION. WILDENSTEIN GALLERIES.

Prof. Roerich, and this is not surprising either. The statuesque have grace and charm but the most successful are those that have Continental themes. "Falsstark," though clever, for instance, could never deeply impress an Englishman. It is too much like a fat Pierrot. Of the decorative works the best are the four figures typifying the elements, which are full of academic virtues. Mr. Derujinsky studied under Prof. Injalbert and Prof. Verlet at the Collège de France in Paris. He returned to Petrograd in 1913 where he completed the five year course at the Académie

acquired a genuine American accent. He paints boldly, broadly and with unabashed color. A few of the landscapes are autumn affairs in Maine and the colors used are vividly worthy of this most famous of our spectacles. From Maine Mr. O'Shea went to California, where most of the pictures of his exhibition were painted. He painted the sea many times and he paints it like a man who is not afraid of it. His rocky coasts and hills with cypress trees are all vigorously handled and they carry well, too.

Johanna Woodwell Hallman makes a



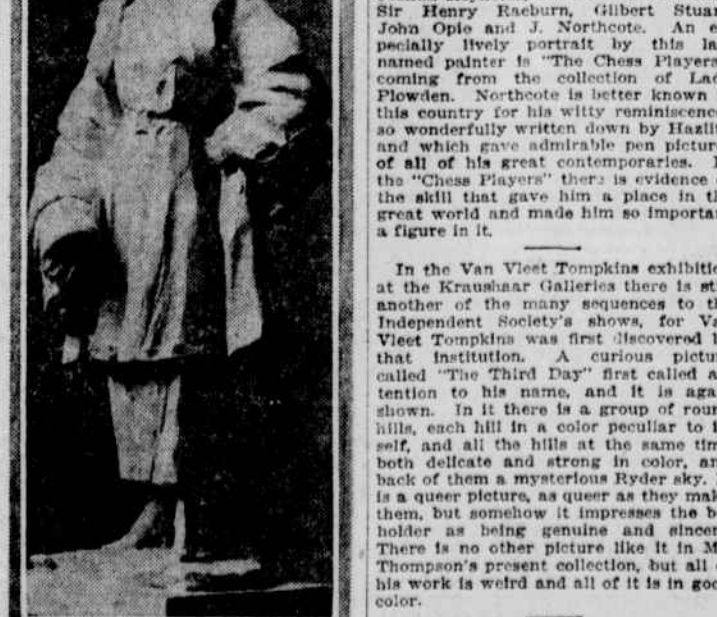
LA FENÊTRE OUVERTE by JUAN GRIS. SHOWN BY THE BELMISON GALLERY AT WANAMAKER'S.

how little I knew the Academy and the disinterestedness of its ways. Why, Mr. Harry W. Watrous, the esteemed and perpetual vice-president of the society, has even achieved the figure pieces with which he used to regale us, and has remorselessly (and I hope the types will not make a mistake and change that word to remorsefully, gone into landscape. This may be carrying this passion to the "good" extreme, but still no one can help admiring the genuine unconcern for money.

Readers from out of town are not to understand that there are no figure pieces. There are some—but certainly the number of them has not increased of late years, and if anything has grown less. We do portraits and we do landscapes and even still life, but further than that we do not venture. If you ask a painter why it is that we only do portraits and landscapes the chances are that he will tell you that you can't sell figure things, that people won't buy them; but in that I think he maligns both himself and the people. I prefer to believe in my own theory of disinterestedness. People used to buy Bouguereau's Nymphs and J. O. Brown's Bootblacks, and loved them both. They would again buy and love figure pieces if they had an assortment to choose from. Scientists if brought in to analyze the situation would probably find something psychological in it. Figure painting calls for ideas, both on the part of the painter and the part of the public, and in these days ideas are not only scarce but painful to confront. Well, peace will be with us some of these days and with it will come ease of thinking and play—and possibly some figure paintings.

Gleb Derujinsky's Success in America

Gleb Derujinsky is a sculptor whose career was shipwrecked at the time of the great smash and who after a series of romantic adventures has apparently found himself again over here. His exhibition now open in the Milch Galleries shows an impressive list of American portraits and placed decorative pieces borrowed from their American owners for the purposes of the exhibition and a production of a doubly impressive as coming from a young man who landed here in 1913 with but \$10 in his pocket. Some of our native sculptors will quite envy Mr. Derujinsky his past misfortunes for the sake of his present good luck.



MISS MARY HOYT WIBORG by GLEB DERUJINSKY at MILCH GALLERIES.

In the Van Vleet Tompkins exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries there is still another of the many sequences to the Independent Society's shows, for Van Vleet Tompkins was first discovered by that institution. A curious picture called "The Third Day" first called attention to his name, and it is again shown. In it there is a group of round hills, each hill in a color peculiar to itself, and all the hills at the same time both delicate and strong in color, and back of them a mysterious Ryder sky. It is a queer picture, as queer as they make them, but somehow it better knows the beholder as being genuine and sincere. There is no other picture like it in Mr. Thompson's present collection, but all of his work is weird and all of it is in good color.

Elinor M. Barnard, an English portrait painter of children, is showing in the Ehrlich Galleries, a collection of portraits recently painted in this country.

Miss Barnard uses the medium of water color with gratifying ease and never fails to bring out the training. She has undoubted sympathy with children and manages to catch them at their most engaging moments. She does, however, extend her portraits to the sizes that are usually permitted only to painters in oils, but this is probably because the owners of the children and the prospective owners of the water colors insist upon it.

Notes and Activities In the World of Art

An exhibition of color crayon drawings by M. von Recklinghausen is now on at E. Weyhe's. The drawings show an interesting technical novelty in that they are made with colored crayons on a special tinted paper. The colors have all the freshness and spontaneity of pastel, but without its drawback of impermanence. The drawings are decorative renderings of landscape scenes on Long Island and the Catskills. Mr. von Recklinghausen was one of the "discoveries" at the exhibitions of the Society of Independent Artists.

A timely exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum in connection with the celebration of the Armistice Anniversary is a series of original color sketches for the official portraits of certain distinguished statesmen and generals as follows: Portrait of Gen. Diaz, portrait of Field Marshal Haig, portrait of Gen. Joffre, and portrait of Premier Orlando by John C. Johansen, and portrait of King Albert, portrait of Premier Lloyd George and portrait of Gen. Pershing by Douglas Volk. These paintings are loaned by Mr. Herbert L. Pratt. They are the original studies for portraits, which were made by American artists sent abroad during the war for the purpose.

A faville glass memorial window, representing the return of the soul to God, is to be placed in St. James's Church of New York city in memory of Valeria Gray Treadwell, the wife of Col. Harry H. Treadwell of Tiffany & Co., New York.

The window has two Gothic openings which illustrate the subject in exquisite richness of color and in beauty of line and composition. For the first time in the history of glass in this window there are mountains in the foreground. On the right, hovering over these mountain tops, is an angel clad in delicately opalescent robes, bearing a spray of lilies, symbol of the resurrection. From this foreground one looks across a deep chasm in which are the outlines of a dark forest spreading to the foot of far distant jagged hills. Above these, dominating strongly with their sombre colors, is a streak of brilliant yellow sunset sky, overhung by clouds through which appear the indistinct figures of singing angels. At the base of the window is the inscription, "In loving memory of Valeria Gray Treadwell—1854-1921—Wife of Harry Hayden Treadwell." The window was made at the Ecclesiastical Department of the Tiffany Studios of New York city.

The executive committee of the New York Chapter of American Institute of Architects, as trustees of the travelling scholarship founded by Pierre L. Le Brun, announces a competition for the selection of a beneficiary. The programme will be issued about January 1, calling for the drawings, which are to be delivered about March 1, 1922.

All those wishing to enter the competition should arrange at once for nomination by a member of the American Institute of Architects. The nomination blanks can be obtained of the secretary of the chapter, at 215 West Fifty-seventh street, and the nomination should be sent so as to be received by January 1, 1922.

The following extracts from the deed of gift explain the conditions: "Fourteen hundred dollars . . . is to be awarded . . . to some deserving and meritorious architect or architectural draughtsman, resident anywhere in the United States, and who shall, for at least three years, have been either engaged in active practice, or employed as an architectural draughtsman, and who is not and has not been the beneficiary of any other travelling scholarship, shall be eligible to compete.

"Every competitor must be nominated by a member of the American Institute of Architects who shall certify that the above conditions are fulfilled, and that in his opinion the competitor is deserving of the scholarship. No member of the institute shall nominate more than one (1) candidate.

"Every competitor must engage to remain in the United States, at least six months abroad and devote well and truly that length of time to travel and the study of architecture otherwise than by entering any school or atelier or attending lectures. It is intended that the benefit derived from this travelling scholarship shall supplement school or office experience.

A successful competitor shall write from time to time, but not less than once every two months, to the New York Chapter of American Institute of Architects, giving an account of the employment of his time."

No art of any country at any time so completely and so unconsciously influenced the art of the United States as did Benjamin West. Kindly, courteous, helpful, hospitable, his studio and home was the abiding place of every young talented American abroad. Matthew Pratt, Joseph Wright, John Singleton Copley, Charles Wilson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, John Trumbull, Rembrandt and Samuel L. Waldo, Thomas Sully, Robert Fulton, Washington Allston, Edward Mabley, S. F. B. Morse, Ralph Earle, a galaxy of artists who made our early artistic history, came under his influence and his influence reflected his artistic honesty and high character.

Benjamin West was born in the small Quaker community of Springfield, now Swarthmore, Pa., on October 30, 1738, died in London, England, on March 11, 1820. In the hundred years succeeding his death West has been but a name in English and American art. Time dulled the interest and obscured his reputation. The recently developed interest in early American art necessarily increased the attention given to the paintings of West, and a realization has come to artists, collectors, and more slowly to the general public, that contemporary judgment on the art of Benjamin West was justified. From painting portraits in Philadelphia for a mere subsistence to become the painter to the King of England, standing with Reynolds and Lawrence in his profession, one of the founders of the Royal Academy and its second president, succeeding Reynolds, seems a bit of romance rather than a statement of fact. In an atmosphere where the imitation of the classical was a fixed standard, his paintings of the "Death of Wolfe," followed by his many other historical compositions, struck a new and true note in depicting events of history.

Time, the arbiter of all things artistic, has ordained that West to this generation is destined to survive in reputation mainly on account of the most excellent portraits he has painted. A future generation may avail itself of the full knowledge of the splendid compositions, technique, color and good craftsmanship in his historical and religious series, the beauty of his decorative pictures. What real "tour de force" are his "Christ Healing the Sick" in our Pennsylvania Hospital, "Peter Rescuing His Mother," "Death on the Pale Horse" at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts! The collection of paintings and drawings brought together in this exhibition gives a full view of the versatility and great power of Benjamin West. A revelation alike to the artists and laymen: "West was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral following Barry, Reynolds and Van Dyke to that abode of the illustrious dead. The pall was borne by noblemen, Ambassadors and academicians and sixty coaches brought up the splendid procession."—Thus quotes Dunlap.

The Art Alliance has rendered Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and our entire country a great service in bringing to the place of his nativity this memorial exhibition to the end that a proper shall have the honor in his own country. November 18, 1921.

"AMBUSH" TO MOVE.

"Ambush," the Theatre Guild play, which has been running at the Garrick Theatre, moves to the Belmont Theatre, where it will be seen by the Theatre Guild, which has been appearing in Arthur Richman's drama, goes along with it, instead of appearing in the new Guild production, as announced.

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

American Sporting Prints by W. J. Hays

W. J. Hays, an associate of the Academy, has found an unworked field in the domain of art, and the Brown-Robertson Galleries are aiding him to speed the progress. He makes sporting pictures and prints and they have put them upon exhibition.

It seems curious that so little has been done in the line of sporting pictures and prints in America, for we make a great pretence of loving sports and always have. Then, too, the artist who goes in for this branch of work has certain licenses that put as much spirit into his work as licenses always put into the work of the sportsman who will love his production most will never think of comparing it with the work of Albrecht Durer or Hans Memling, but will content himself with the fact that he has done it. The sportsman who will love his production most will never think of comparing it with the work of Albrecht Durer or Hans Memling, but will content himself with the fact that he has done it.

Mr. Hays's hunting scenes are most unobtrusively placed against the genuine American background. It seems amusing merely to see the pack pursuing the fox pell-mell through an American field of shocked corn. That in itself is a hunting scene that never could take place in England—the land that has raised sports to the dignity of politics and politics to the plane of religion.

In a "Meet at Andrew Haight's" the red-coated hunters are seen assembling at a typical native crossroads in the midst of the usual modern assembly of motor cars, and later these same hunters are seen pursuing the wily fox through hill and dale. It ought to be a particular pride to the hunters who actually hunt the region Mr. Hays describes to see themselves thus set down in permanent print, and collectors doubtless will be quick to respond to a form of art which heretofore has been generally imported.

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

Starkweather's Pictures At Galleries Intime

The Galleries Intime appears to be an institution with possibilities. It is in the most fashionable section of the city. It has spacious rooms. It has an air of luxury. It really is intimate. Pictures are shown in conjunction with easy chairs, music, I even heard something said about tea. It is just the sort of place into which people will wander who never before looked into art, and who will see things in art they never saw before. It may make history, like the Junior Art Patrons, by starting a lot of new connoisseurs upon their way. In fact, there is something idealistic about the Galleries Intime, and the mere fact that somebody there appears to be having a good time with art will induce others to do so.

The present exhibition in this gallery consists of the work of William Starkweather. The principal canvases have already been discussed in these columns, but the show can be recommended anew since it shows the strange versatility of the painter. Mr. Starkweather is a man of many moods, and perhaps he is unusually impressionable. Evidence in the pictures themselves seem to bear out this supposition. The portrait of Mlle. Tomescu, Socialist, for instance, is a picture painted with an easy plasticity that suggests that it was painted in some place where plasticity is in the air, say Paris. Or perhaps it was merely the personal and continental plasticism of Mlle. Tomescu that put Mr. Starkweather's brushes at such ease. At any rate it is quite different from any other picture in the exhibition. The immense canvas devoted to the glorification of Margaret Donovan, a scrub woman, has already been described in these columns, and a review of it does not lessen the impression of it. It has a genuine religious feeling in it—a thing rare at this epoch.

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

668 Fifth Avenue

IMPORTANT PAINTINGS

GAINSBOROUGH REYNOLDS LAWRENCE
HOGARTH ROMNEY HOPPNER
CONSTABLE RAE BURN BEECHY

Current Exhibition
ERONZES by
PAUL MANSHIP

SCOTT & FOWLES
New Art Galleries

667 Fifth Avenue (Between 52nd and 53rd Streets)

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue

667 Fifth Avenue